

THE
OLIVIAD.

*And the Dove came-in in the evening: and lo! in her mouth
was an Olive-leaf pluckt off.*

GENESIS.

By THOMAS HALLIE DE-LA-MAYNE, Esq;

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SCOTT, in Pater-noster-row.
MDCCLXII.

THE

OLIVIA

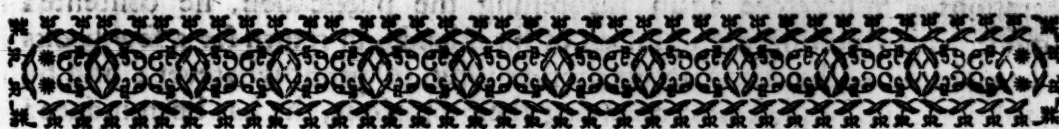
and the other parts of the country, and also the islands.

GENESIS

By Thomas Hallie De la Motte, Esq.

L O W D O W

Printed for J. Scott, in Pall Mall, London.
MDCCLXXII



A N

A P O L O G Y.

THE design of this poem is built on a plan, for the establishment of an universal peace throughout the world; which is begun to be explained, in the speech of the GENIUS, at the latter end of the second canto; but which, as it may at present appear a chimerical project (tho wonderful it is, that no attempt has ever been, as yet, made to put something rational of the kind in execution) has been adjudged to be most likely of communicateing any hint intended, and of meeting with the Public's approbation, under the fictitious personages of poetry in the characters of the Arts and Sciences, and the machinery of the Supernatural-Powers (notwithstanding the ill reception most attempts in poetry have of late years met-with from the world) than if offered as a serious object of its consideration. The design of this poem originally confined itself within the bounds or matter of the two first cantoes; (they having been so far compleat in themselves, as they recounted all the material actions of the war between *Great Britain* and *France*) which, so long ago as the Summer before last, were begun to be printed, and were nearly finished, under the title of *GALLIA'S complaint*; when some enquiry concerning the before mentioned speech, opening, as it were, a new prospect or scene of thought, they were reprinted on the present plan; as they might serve the world to judge of the intended performance, and its author to guess, what reception the remainder was likely to meet with, before he proceeded in a work of greater length; but when they were ready for the

b

Publisher,

Publisher, the death of his late Majesty, happening, made necessary some alterations. Wherefore again suppressing the publication, he contented himself with receiving the opinions of his friends, in return for a few books sent to them, without any acceptance or view of profit whatever; and by almost a general request accompanying their opinions, he has been induced to let the present edition appear: For as this its first publication, after so long a lapse of time, shews, that his chief view herein is to obey and to oblige; the additional expence will be very cheaply rated; if the present model, by giving any pleasure, may pay but part of the obligation due. These two cantoes therefore represent the state of the war, as it existed at the death of His late Majesty.

The received character, which mostly encouraged this publication, was, that the performance is a panegyric to numbers, without the least deviation from truth, or one forced compliment or offering of flattery. But if, in so nice a subject as this of praise, the writer be any where thought to speak even truth too plainly, he cannot help making this declaration, to prove his error, unintentional of giving pain to the most modest merit, that he has not erred in the common method, thro any expectation of reward. All he asks under the laws of candour is, that where so many have equally deserved, no one party should take offence at the due of another. It was impossible to make the Complainant in the present narrative scene particularly recount each circumstance, deserving praise, in the execution of this war; which argument must pass for the only apology can be made to the friends of those gentlemen unspoken-of, who have been the meritorious actors: Doubtless, as the work proceeds, an occasional respect will be paid to many persons in other scenes, unnamed in this. When it may be also found necessary, for the explanatory proof of several passages, to enlarge the notes to a fuller account of each action: but as the occurrences of the war are so recent, such anecdotes may at present be dispensed-with.

The reader will observe; that those words, which are usually contracted in verse, and which cannot spare the abbreviated vowels from their sounds, are not shortened after the usual manner, by cutting out the vowel intirely, but by a mark of abbreviation, used as a slur in music. The reformation, endeavoured, is to preserve the true pronunciation of our words, which is much injured by the customary method, productive of many barbarous absurdities; whereby Foreigners, especially, are confused in reading and understanding our English poetry, and the language made harsher in the spelling, than what it really is. This innovation is mostly exercised in the past tenses of verbs, whose originals end in vowels. It may with

as true grace be practised not only on all words, wherein the shortened vowels, generally expelled, are absolutely necessary to harmony; but where two vowels, not perfect diphthongs, coincide in sound. The plan being somewhat new or different from the former practice of printing, a difficulty was at first found in getting the Compositors to follow the copy strictly as to this particular: But as, by their present concurrent attention to this new method, they have lately approved of it; and as it is more a subject of will or taste than rule; and of so easy observation, it is submitted as a trial also, of the Public's approbation.

ARGUMENT

THE
ARGUMENT to the FIRST CANTO.

THE Poem opens with a short representation of Gallia invoking her Genius, and making complaint of his indolence; whereby Britannia has gained several successes over her. She proceeds to recount her losses in Asia, in Africa, and in America: But deviates into a recital of the attacks made on her at Cherburgh and St. Cas, of the destruction of her fleet on the coast of Barbary, and the loss of her islands Guadaloupe and Marigalante. She then fixes in the relation of her distresses in Europe; in which she launches into the praise of the King of Prussia, and particularly describes her overthrow at Minden, and the Action of the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick. She sets her Conquest of Minorca, which is to ballance all these her losses, in a light of no value; gives an example of the superiour greatness of the English in their rewards and punishments of their commanders; and supposed to be overcome in relating these her distresses, she falls fainting down; but is revived by the assistance of her Nymphs and Naid.



The O L I V I A D.

C. A N T O I.

RO P T on her bended knee, and broken spear,
D GALLIA her GENIUS thus address'd in pray'r.

GENIUS of FRANCE! say, to what foreign shore
 Thou, like thy parent Sun, withdrawest thy power,
 Blessing some distant realm: Whilst GALLIA mourns;
 And all her Rivers weep from all their urns.
 Her Sons of Science, and her Heroes bold,
 Her Statesmen, once in arts and wisdom old,

B.

Wanting

Wanting thy influence, lose their native fire,
 And miss their glorious aim, in faint desire. 10
 GENIUS! return, and cheer thy favourite Soil,
 Reward the Statesman's scheme, and Soldier's toil;
 These clouds, which like the windeing-sheet of Fate
 Fore-bode the death of my unhealthful State,
 Beneath whose night my spirit pines away,
 Dispel; and bring the courage-beaming day.

He hears me not. In vain I turn my eyes;
 In vain I search him thro the lowering skies.
 Swell, my complaints! like thunders all around,
 Brought on the World's four Winds in roaring found; 20
 Till rolling dreadful to his slumb'ring ear,
 They start his Godhead, and untune his sphere.

But where begin? Lo! ASIA forward comes,
 Breatheing, at ev'ry sigh, her rich perfumes.
 Her gems and orient pearl, in vain, outvie
 The strings of pearl, which run from either eye.
 O! what avails her num'rous, splendid Train?
 She says, my Sons of Commerce all are slain;

My

My forts are ta'en, which grac'd her wealthy coast ;

Evên LALLY saw my trade and treasure lost.

30

The ENGLISH CLIVE---that Eastern rising star!---

Leap'd from the couch of Peace, and led the war.

A Heavên-born Gênêral ! who, untaught, at will

Exerts the Soldier's or the Statesman's skill ;

To whom her Eastern-Sages pour'd their stores,

And Nabobs spread their long extended shores.

See AFRICK next, with her black, crouding Bands !

On CUMMING's ‡ scheme reflecting, mute she stands ;

For || Senegal now weeps, for § Goree wrings her hands.

No more, for me, they wash her sand for gold ;

40

Nor the poor Slave is with his treasure sold.

Nor high in amber pride her forests towêr :

They for new Masters weep their gummy showêr.

For me, no more the panther feels his toil ;

Or spotted leopard dies, to give his spoil ;

‡ The taking of Senegal, was projected by Mr. CUMMING, a Merchant.

|| Senegal, taken by Major J. TUFTON MASON and Capt. THO. WALKER, who was chief Engineer.

§ Goree, taken by the Honourable AUGUSTUS KEPEL.

Or the huge elephant his ivôry yields
 Or yellow millet waves in *silver fields :
 The hardy BRITONS, conquêring evêry toil,
 Rush'd from their Northern to my burning foil ;
 Uncover'd to the dews of night, by day 50
 Bare to the angry Sun's fire-darting ray,
 By MASON led, by WALKER's presence nervêd,
 By it inspirêd, as by his genius fervêd,
 They pass'd my river's mouth ; whose rocks, like rows
 Of all-devouring teeth, with horror rose ;
 Then seizêd my shores, lost in the first defeat !
 And pluck'd the laurels of my antient feat.
 In vain, my Sons of Rivals near complain'd,
 Their violated streams, their ivôry stain'd :
 Bold KEPÊL came with BRITAIN's floating powers 60
 Of mightiest war, and shook my firmest towêrs,
 Fix'd the † past conquest, and securêd a ‡ new ;
 Ere to my frightened Sons in aid I flew :
 O ! may I ne'er his greater conquests rue !

* Alluding to the colour of the foil, being a white silver sand.

† Senegal.

‡ Goree.

AMERICA now weeps, and shews her woonds,
 Stab'd by her Sons, contending for her bounds.
 Cease, Discord! cease; --- she cries, --- I mark with blood
 The destin'd line, * this crimson blushing flood.
 Accurs'd Ambition! bastard-childe of Pride!
 On Want begot, and to each Vice allied! 70
 She, in your absence, did my Sons seduce
 To leap o'er Nature's bound, and Honour's truce,
 To press for room and countries, as confin'd;
 Yet leave whole regions, unemploy'd, behinde:
 And here Ambition dropt. It well had been,
 Had she fell, single, for thê imparted sin;
 But the mad fire even caught my Sons at home:
 The Country leaves its vines, the Town its loom;
 The City stops its trade; Fleets, Armies rise
 And cross the world; where my young Infant lies; 80
 A second FRANCE! Alas! they vainly trust
 To aid a Brother's claim. --- O! would the claim were just!
 But here the Sons of Freedom also land;
 The ships of BRITAIN gain the distant strand:

* The gulph of St. Lawrence, the lakes Huron, &c. with the rivers Onabache, Ohio, and Mississippi.

These meet our force : They fight in Freedom's cause,
 For private justice, and for public laws.
 The din of war now thunders thro the coasts ;
 The Indian joins his yell and furiêd Hosts.
 Now Murder stalks abroad ; and scarêd Despair
 Runs wild before, and high erects her hair. 90
 The aligator, from his ouzy bed,
 Wakêd by the sound, projects his scaley head ;
 Pleasêd with the smell of blood, he snuffs afar
 The hot contagion of the baleful war.

See BRADDOCK, with his regulated Bands,
 Sink by the powêr, unseen, of savage hands !
 Caught in the toil, the Lion tears his woond,
 And frothy blood o'er-spreads the sandy ground ;
 Whilst Murder, in the woody ambush hid,
 Sporting with Death, enjoys the barbârous deed : 100
 But † JOHNSON now awakes thê avenging day,
 A hunter keen ! where Glory points the prey.

† Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON, knighted by his late Majesty for his most signal defeat of the French forces in North America, after their attack against General BRADDOCK.

His bold Provincials croud to take command,
 To seek the Monster, and to purge the land.
 The plumêd American with sense he charms,
 His breast with honour fills, his hands with arms.
 These, all by intêrest join'd, he vigôrous leads
 O'er hills, o'er mountains, thro descending glades,
 Explores the plain, the country wide he scours,
 And in the deepest shades he darts his powêrs. 110
 The Monster found, and woonded, howls his cries,
 Bites the hot sand with rage, and low expiring lies.

Cease, Discord! cease; Cape Breton's standard falls!
 The Mistress of our seas now bows her walls!
 Her ships, within her harbours, change their Lords!
 Her Soldiers yield their bravely conquer'd swords!
 * BOSCAWEN, † AMHERST, ‡ WOLFE their force combinêd;
 In one vast conquest three great Heroes join'd.
 The conquest won; each Hero to his charge
 Wide sepêrate flies, and spreads the war at large. 120

* The late Right Honourable EDWARD BOSCAWEN, Admiral of the Blue, and General of Marines.

† General JEFFERY AMHERST, the present Commander in Chief of the British Forces in North America.

‡ General JAMES WOLFE.

See

See AMHERST winde the valley's dreary waste,
 Mount o'er the hills, and thro' whole forests haste.
 Already at our forts, amazêd they hear
 The BRITISH drums and fifes, that pierce the air.
 All or † surrender --- all to ‡ conquest yield;
 And where he leads, his conquests claim the field.
 As when a tide, by urging winds high raisêd,
 Rolls strongly on, and rages unappeasêd,
 Now beats with fury âgainst thê incroaching bound,
 And breaks, and overturns the loosen'd mound; 130
 The poor Inhabitant, along the shore,
 Wakêd from his trance, affrighted at the roar,
 Surprizêd looks back; nor does he stay to save
 His dear effects from the devouring wave;
 He flies. These mount the cottage top; These run:
 Vainly they strive the hastêning fate to shun:
 The spreading torrent all their flight o'ertakes,
 And round in universal ruin breaks.
 So AMHERST o'er the subject-country pours,
 Breaks evêry bound, and all its plains devours. 140

† Crown Point surrendered,

‡ Ticonderoga taken.

What tho the genêrous † How untimely bled,
 A Brother stept victorîous in his stead.
 Lord of the honours, which adorn his Race !
 Heir of his virtues, which the person grace !
 Who boldly darêd your antient FRANCE invade,
 Alarm her shores, and check their crouded trade,
 Distract her councils, and her force divide ;
 Then rode insulting on the ebbing tide.

With him brave MARLBÔROUGH, memorable name!
 With equal powêr, and boundless mercy came. 150
 The first of Heroes History can boast ;
 Who, master of a Rival's passive coast,
 Bid || Plunder from Invasion stay behinde,
 And civilizêd, at once, the war and minde.

† The Right Honourable GEORGE AUGUSTUS Lord Viscount How, killed at the attack of Ticonderoga under General Abercromby, and succeeded in title by the present Right Honourable RICHARD Lord Viscount How.

|| When the British Troops were landed on the coast of France, so exact a discipline was observed, by command of his Grace CHARLES late Duke of MARLBOROUGH, that not an instance can be produced, where even the meanest soldier committed one act of violence or plunder, without correction; and when the troops were masters of Cherburgh, the French opened their shops, being unmolested, and proceeded in their regular business.

C

Alas!

Alas! he higher conquests had in view,
 And a more certain honour to pursue;
 To Cherburgh he advanc'd. A town, which stood
 Proud of its height, and the commanded flood!
 Her he disarm'd; her implements of war,
 Her cannon, standards, and triumphal car. 160
 He bore away, my rising navy burn'd,
 My ships led captives, and my towers o'erturn'd;
 Which, tumbled from their hills with mighty roar,
 Roll'd their vast fragments down the echoing shore,
 And in my harbours plung'd, entomb'd. Around,
 He from the strong foundation sprung the mound,
 And gave the Sea new privilege to spoil,
 And made a ruin of my late finish'd toil.

Behold St. Cas, --- where I their arms defeat ---
 Great in their onset! greater their retreat! 170
 As at Thermopylæ, the SPARTANS boast
 Singly to have stood proud Xerxes' million'd host;
 So, tho' my neighb'ouring Armies proudly rose,
 Thousands against their Hundreds to oppose,
 A few collected Bands withstood my force:
 A rising rock amidst the river's course!

See

See EDWARD of the Royal-Line appear!
 Brother dear lovèd of BRITAIN'S virtuous HEIR---
 O! what a rising Race have I to fear!
 See him in action with each Soldier vie, 180
 Like * SPARTA'S Chief, now with for all to die.
 See † LENOX, RICHMOND'S brother and his soul!
 Singly engagèd, and now inspire the whole,
 Flie thro the yielding ranks, support the fray,
 And in a thousand places save the day.
 As, when a storm sets strong against the shore,
 The ebbing waves in mounting breakers roar;
 Wave after wave the shore with lashings beats;
 And seems advanceing, whilst the whole retreats:
 The BRITONS so retire into the main; 190
 Like them, I fear they sink, to turn again.

But whither do I run? My numèrous woes
 All method of my large complaint oppose.

* Leonidas.

† The Right Honourable Lord GEORGE LENOX.

Let me return to tell those Heroes deeds,
Whose more than actions more than speech exceeds;
At which afresh each wound, affected, bleeds.

Whilst AMHERST, tracing still the river-bounds,
And still victorious my whole strength furrounds;
Still adding Nations to his Country's crown,
And, more than conquering! kindly binds them down; 200
The martial WOLFE ascends the ready fleet,
And circles back, as at a point, to meet
His Partner of the war. The destin'd place
My * capitol. --- My glory and disgrace!
He comes, nor here his brother Hero findes,
Wafted by † SAUNDERS, and the swifter Winds;
Nor does he wait his aid: By glory fir'd,
By genius, virtue, honour, love inspir'd,
With conduct he begins, with courage ends,
Mounts first the steep, his hand to others lends; 210
Then heads the charge: But lo! the Hero bleeds.
Still he supports the charge, and still proceeds.

* Quebec.

† Sir CHARLES SAUNDERS.

Himself thê example of his own command !
 Nought else could conquer : This no force could stand.
 My Sons at last give way. VICTORY he cries ;
 And pleasèd in death, he bids, PURSUE, and dies.
 But, where in fate he falls, immortal springs.
 Fame thro' our ranks his death and praises rings.
 We stop from flight, the battle now renew ;
 And from his death fresh hopes of conquest shew. 220
 But now a * second takes his place, and falls.
 A † third, as brave, succeeds ; and all the day recalls.
 Accursed day ! which all Canadia yields,
 Her forest-wealth, and harvest-smileing fields,
 Her spacious seas, which annual blessings ‡ bear,
 Like certain fruits of the revolving Year ;
 Whose riches with Peruvian treasures vie ;
 Whose unexhausted sources never die :
 Where, with the produce, I the Seaman gain,
 To lead my fleets triumphant o'er the Main. 230

* General ROBERT MONCKTON, who succeeded to the command, at the attack on Quebec, and was there wounded.

† The Right Honourable GEORGE TOWNSHEND, on whom the command of that great day devolved, and who compleated the victory, so heroically begun.

‡ Meaning the Fisheries.

But mourn, BRITANNIA! amidst your triumphs mourn,
And weep in pity o'er your Hero's urn;
Deep on the marble's table write your woe:
For 'tis a duty to a Son you owe,
Who flies through death,--- a Messenger of Fame!
To give to EVERLASTING TIME your name.

Weep hapless Virgin! who possess'd his love:
Thy blameless tears even Envy's pity move.
Were all my Sons like him, how blest'd were I!
How happy! could with you my Daughters vie. 240

But see, again I wander from my tale,
And even my Conquêror, in his death, bewail.

As vapours, rolling their loud course on high,
Firing abroad the regions of the Skie,
Break with full weight 'gainst Teneriff's high peak,
And to its center the huge mountain shake;
Then back recoil far o'er the Atlantic main,
And on her islands send the thund'ring scene:

* The French fleet under the command of Monsieur De-la-Clue.

BOSCAWEN so to EUROPE back recoils,
 Breaks on my Fleet, and evêry purpose foils. 250
 Now * skulk'd my Fleet by BARBÂRY's private coast,
 Trusting the friendship, which the Winds did boast;
 When, he, the rapid storm! o'ertakes their flight,
 And, like a whirlwind, caught them in the fight.
 Some few, dispersêd, escape. The rest are lost,
 Sunk, ta'en, or strike ALGARVIA's flattêring coast.
 BOSCAWEN gives, and * BENTLEY takes command.
 Behold! my ships, disabled on the strand,
 Blaze o'er the neighbôuring villages, and scare
 The frighted Peasants, at the deeds of war. 260

Why still must distant scenes distract my minde,
 And turn it back to the world left behinde?
 My † warmer isles, and all their rich produce,
 Where common reeds distill with honey-juice,
 Where Masters, tasking still their Servants toil,
 Unsatisfiêd still rob'd the fruitful soil,
 Won by the virtue of the BRITISH sway;
 Now Heirs to Freedom, willingly obey.

* Sir JOHN BENTLEY, knighted by his late Majesty, for burning part of the French fleet on the coast of Portugal.

† Guadaloupe and Marigalante, taken by the Honourable General JOHN BARRINGTON, and Commodore JOHN MOORE.

And now let EUROPE speak her further woes,
 Our numêrous Friends,----O shame! our fewer Foes. 270
 See PRUSSIA's King, with BRITAIN on his side,
 Encounter all the other World alliêd.
 To tell whose conquests is a task too great!
 Whose annals scarce increase by our * defeat;
 When, like a sudden tempest wing'd from far,
 He came, and with him brought the gather'd war.
 He conquer'd; but to † other conquests flew,
 To execute the plan, which Thought and Patience drew.
 In him so many powêful virtues blend,
 To constitute the King and private Friend; 280
 That did'st, thou GENIUS! give but one such grace
 To each bless'd Individual of your Race;
 O'er all the World thy GALLIA still would rise,
 And gather laurels under kinder skies.
 In war, in council, without Rival great!
 In either province, temperate with heat!

* The battle of Rosbach, gained by the King of PRUSSIA over the French.

† The battle of Lissa, gained by him over the Austrians that day month after the battle of Rosbach.

A Statesman to o'ermatch the Statesman's skill!
 And wondrous new! a † Lawyer without ill.
 The best Historian, his own deeds to tell!
 Like CÆSAR. But, like CÆSAR, never fell. 290
 The best Musician, his own taste to please!
 And Poet, --- fit to sing his own heroic praise!
 Philosopher, misfortunes to out-rise!
 Without whose knowledge, none are truly wise.
 To Merit just, to errors not severe!
 Studious of * Arts, which Trade and Genius rear!

Him to o'erthrow, Great BOURBON AUSTRIA joins.
 Names! which before, like never meeting lines,
 Divided ran. The SWEDE, and they, who dwell
 Nearer the Bear, and their rude service fell, 300
 The RUSSIAN wilde, they who fur'd cassocks wear,
 And on HUNGARIA's courfers beat the rapid air,
 With all GERMANIA's summon'd Host, --- his Foes!
 All these, our Friends! upon his country close.

† To the great praise of His PRUSSIAN Majesty, equalling what is due to any of his heroic actions, it will be remembered by the Posterity of his People; that he caused the voluminous laws of his country to be abridged under his own inspection, and made them the convenience, which were before the oppression of his Subjects.

* Amidst his wars, so attentive is his PRUSSIAN Majesty to the progress of manufactures in his Country, that it is said, there are now Officers appointed by him at Berlin, to reward and encourage any newly invented or introduced Art.

All singly he has fought, and conquer'd each ;
 Till his quick conquests them to conquer teach ;
 Yet still he stands, victorious in the field.
 None dare engage ; and, where he bends, they yield.
 So the Rhinoceros, when Nations arm
 Against his strength, and ring the wide alarm, 310
 Whilst gathering Tribes beset the Warriour round,
 And 'gainst his armour their thick strokes resound,
 Moves strongly great ; and where he points his ire,
 The conquest is his own, and Worlds retire ;
 Then gains his groves : --- If by a luckless blow
 He falls ; he crushes, as he falls, his Foe.

Now * Minden spreads to view her purple plain,
 Strew'd o'er with fractured arms and heaps of Slain,
 Here, FERDINAND, by PRUSSIA'S Monarch taught,
 Greatly commanded, and as greatly fought. 320
 Of BRUNSWICK line! But O! the Arms he led,
 Were BRITONS bold. Men! who before had bled
 In BRITAIN'S cause. Now Hosts to Hosts oppose:
 Ambition these inflames; but Honour those.

* The battle of Minden fought by Prince FERDINAND of BRUNSWICK, August 1st, 1759; in which his Highness, gained a Victory over the French; which will be ever remembered by these and other Nations to the honour of him and the British Infantry: Notwithstanding the little efforts of an unshareing Party to lessen its merits.

Now,

Now, from our cluster'd Ranks, thick vapour'd Death,
 Flashing, quick flies, and darkness spreads beneath;
 But still the BRITISH Lines to close are seen;
 And, still unbroken, move a towêr of Men.
 And now, their level'd fire, with surer aim,
 And big with heavîer doom, like thunder, came:
 My prostrate Ranks confess the stronger powêr;
 And Fury, where Ambition was before,
 Now fills the fatal blot. These stricken lie;
 Still Numbers, still succeeding, croud and die.
 Led by a bolder Fate, a mighty Force!

330

The conquêring BRITONS forward push their course:
 So disciplin'd! One body to one soul!
 Courage the breath which animates the whole.
 Torn from his horse, see * KINGSLEY drag'd along!
 A captive now! Now, thro the waring Throng,
 He gains his Friends, and turns upon his Foes,
 Charges on foot, and deals amain his blows.

340

Whilst with a lion's rage he conquers here;
 † WALDGRAVE the bold, ‡ BOSCAWEN, || MOSTYN there,

* Lieutenant General WILLIAM KINGSLEY.

† The Honourable Lieutenant General JOHN WALDEGRAVE,

‡ The Honourable Lieutenant General GEORGE BOSCAWEN.

|| Lieutenant General JOHN MOSTYN.

In different parts maintain the charge alike,
 And where they can't command, their actions strike.
 Great FERDINAND, like PALLAS with her spear,
 Presides above, and points the guided war.

See RICHMOND'S * Duke, observant to engage!
 With all the fire of Youth and thought of Age! 350
 By royal leave he quits a flattering land,
 A beautiful Wife, he loves, a high command,
 To shine in Honour's field; nor shine, but learn
 The task, which genius only can discern.
 What FERDINAND designs, his quicken'd fight
 Improves, by the great art of judging right.
 The Soldier's life he forms to Virtue's rules,
 Skill'd in the field, and learn'd in all the schools!
 Of all BRITANNIA'S Sons of rising worth,
 I fear the day, when he shall issue forth 360
 Her leading Chief, in Honour's laurel'd road,
 To Fame's high temple, there to win the God.
 Methinks I see, as thro the breaking dawn,
 When the bright East arrays the jewel'd lawn,

* His Grace CHARLES Duke of RICHMOND, by his Majesty's leave, went a Volunteer to Germany under Prince FERDINAND.

His glories beam a light to BRITAIN's throne.

O! stop his genius, or exert your own!

Now o'er my loosen'd Columns pale Dismay
 Ran fleet, and wilde Confusion prefs'd for way;
 And all had here been lost: But BROGLIO comes,
 Stops the retreat, and coward clamourous drums. 370
 New Reinforcements, all the Powêr of FRANCE!
 Squadrons and Foot, in deep array advance:
 Hope flies before us, and new vigour lends
 Of conquering those, whom almost Conquest spends.
 As, round a promontory's spreading fides,
 The rushing sea pours strong in sepêrate tides:
 The BRITONS open, then in wings extend;
 Which, vultur-like, round our main body bend:
 When lo! the ambush'd cannon gape before,
 Planted in ranks, and on a sudden roar. 380
 Surprize and Horror check our bold career,
 And Courage now is but the childe of Fear,
 All Hope here ends, and in its place Despair. }
 As, at a point of view, thê Improver's hand
 Cuts various vistles thro' the woody land:

So

So here my Sons,----which like the forest rose!
Broke into lanes, oft as their ranks they close,
Spreade thick their honours in the deepen'd rows.

Concern, Distress, nay Virtue bids us flie:
For, where no conquest is, 'tis vain to die. 390
Thus were my Sons preserv'd, who bravely flew:
For now no Horse were ready to pursue.
They, in their neighings, threaten war afar,
Foam on their curbs, and snuff the heated air:
Whilst longing hopes thê impatient Riders tire,
Eager to strike; as flints to give their fire.
Their cautious * Genêral doubted the command,
Nor orders, "to advance," could understand.
Here GENIUS! by dull Error's aid alone
You sav'd more honour, than their arms had won. 400
For, gallant GRANBY, at thê informing word,
Ecchoëd *Advance*, and shook with haste his sword.
---- Had he o'er-ruled that hour, what greater deeds
Had he not done; who, since, so well succeeds?

* Not his Grace the late Duke of MARLBOROUGH, who commanded at Cherburgh, and who afterwards commanded as General of the British Forces in Germany; Fate had, before this accident, deprived his Country of his life by a Fever at Munster.

Nor, 'mongst the actions of those Heroes bold,
 Must younger † BRUNSWICK's name proceed, untold.
 A gem, in Victôry's rich triumphal crown!
 Which, less in size, with equal lustre shone.
 His skill attacks me at a distant post;
 He singly fights, each singly fights a Host; 410
 Then wins my cannon; which, like dangêrous friends,
 Turn 'gainst ourselves; till Death all contest ends.
 O! why must Victôry still against me turn?
 Nor one success grace my Fame's naked urn?

Minorca's isle fell to my glory's share.
 Useless, now won! and what they gladly spare.
 Ta'en by surprize! no fame by conquest gain'd;
 Far greater his! who its defence maintain'd.
 * BLAKENEY, by long and hard experience brave!
 Who greatly yielded, what no Powêr could save; 420
 And --- of her justice may his Country boast---
 With honour met reward, for what he lost.

Not so, her Admîral, with ungovern'd rage,
 To death she doom'd; The Martyr of the Age!

† FREDERICK, Hereditary Prince of BRUNSWICK,
 * The Right Honourable WILLIAM Lord BLAKENEY, created a Peer of Ire-
 and, upon his return home, after his giving up Minorca.

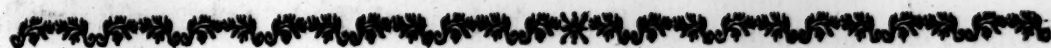
Tho, for her brows, he no fresh honours won;
 For, when hê had form'd to fight, I artful run;
 But this to you, her haughty pride explains;
 Who counts it loss, where she no vict'ry gains.

O! why, each way, must Vict'ry faithless turn?
 Nor one success grace my Fame's naked urn? 430

Grief struck her breast. Here GALLIA stops her plaint,
 Her powers grown weak, and all her senses faint.
 A chillness shakes her frame; and, o'er her eyes,
 Thick darkness floats, and robs them of the skies.
 She falls to earth. So far as Gods can die,
 Her languid limbs in lifeless beauty lie.
 The frightened NAIADS, from their murmuring rills,
 The NYMPHS, alarm'd, run from their ecchoing hills:
 They bring their streams; these leafy odours bring;
 And ev'ry busy ZEPHYR plys his wing. 440
 GALLIA revives, and from the verdure raised,
 Smiles on their care, with filial duty pleased.

END of the FIRST CANTO.

ARGUMENT



The OLIVIAD.

CANTO II.



The OLIVIA

CANTON



ARGUMENT of the SECOND CANTO.

GALLIA revived continues her complaint to her Genius, and shews him; that the Britons had excelled in the art of war, since the time, when his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland exercised them to arms: A proof of which she gives in some recitals of the battles of Fountenoy and Lawfeld. She then speaks of her having intended an invasion against the British coasts, and of the destruction of her boats at Havre de Grace.---Of her fleet leaving Brest with a view of catching the British ships lying off Queberon Bay, and of its having been destroyed. But amidst her fears of Britannia's Greatness, she is elevated into joy at the report of her forces having retaken Quebec, and is again depressed by an account of the news not being true, as also by the account of her loss of Montreal. She again endeavours to sollace herself in the success of Broglie over the Allies, but from the greater advantages gained by the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick and the Marquis of Granby over part of that General's army, she fearing still a greater blow from Ferdinand, implores her Genius to make a peace.

E. 2

When

When ENGLAND'S Genius appearing: shews her the bad state of hers; and prophesies the Universal Peace intended for Mankind by Heaven: The fulfilling of which prophesies is the design of the remaining part of this Poem. He then shews her, that BRITAIN'S superiority proceeds from the wise conduct of its Ministers, and the justice of its King, and again assures her of an end to her troubles from the wisdom and power of a future Monarch. At which GALLIA being somewhat cheered, for a time betakes herself to rest.



The O L I V I A D.

C A N T O II.

HO rosey life o'er GALLIA's face returns;

T Sore in her breast the Parent's fondness burns:

Low revêrent to her GENIAL POWER she kneels,

Renews her prayêr, and tells the grief she feels.

Think not, the BRITISH arms with skill inspir'd:

War is an art, by use alone acquir'd.

Thus on your flatter'd indolence they gain,

And evêry step, as they advance, maintain.

Whilst, thirty annual furs, BRITANNIA roll'd,

Secure in peace; --- a spendrift of her gold!

Ease

Ease led-on Luxûry, she each Vice beside ;
 With them close follow'd Ignorance and Pride :
 Then crouding Follies fill'd her gaudy Train,
 And dancing round, with them whirl'd-round her brain :
 Fashions with fond anxiety were fought,
 And evêry pleasure passionately bought.
 'Twas then you rul'd. Since when, alas! she finds
 To guard her Sons is first to form their mindes.
 For WILLIAM, pure ! to stop corruption rose ;
 A warrior born amidst domestic foes, 26
 A thousand vicious follies to engage,
 Made Sense his standard to the childish Age :
 To Honour's precepts BRITAIN'S Race he drew,
 And 'ere he gain'd the man, their parent grew.
 Arms and the man thê exempl'd Hero form'd !
 ---For use of arms soon into courage warm'd---
 Then to the field her well-train'd Sons he led,
 And first, to shew the road to Glory, bled,
 Won by his SIRE, a † victory there I lost ;
 And scarcely one have gain'd in ‡ two I boast. 30

† The battle of Dettingen, won by his late Majesty, in which his Royal
 Highness the Duke of CUMBERLAND was wounded.
 ‡ Fountenoy and Lawfeld.

Whilst Memôry lives, the fatal day I rue,
 When WILLIAM's arms, with conquest flush'd, withdrew.
 Whilst Fountenoy * fought vain with empty roar,
 And armies, bid to follow, stood t^o adore.

Nor must I Lawfeld's bloodier scenes forget,
 Nor less the victôry won, than lost, regret.
 Victôry thrice lost, within one circling sun!
 And once, at last, with greater evil, won!
 When as our Horse receivêd the word, Pursue,
 The ENGLISH chargêd, and rank on ranks o'erthrew. 40
 Whilst in embattled pride their Foot retreat,
 And where they victôry yield, in fame † defeat.

But to return to later woes.---O'erthrown
 In Minden's field, and despêrate for renown..
 I meditate invasion on their coast,
 And all to lose, or t^o recover---boast : For

* The town of Fountenoy had fired away all its ball, and was ordered to continue a firing with powder only, to deceive the English troops; who had broke thro the enemy's lines; so that the French had opened their trenches in order to flie: And when the English column retreated, the French troops, who were rallied in order to make a new attack on the English, made a full stand, and never fired at them, nor would advance to pursue them.

† After his Royal Highness the Duke of CUMBERLAND had been thrice wished joy of the victory of this day, the Foot were at last obliged to retreat,
for

For RODNEY violates my † sacred port,
 And wings his powêr, beyond its guardiân fort;
 Where all our mighty preparations lay,
 To launch the bold invasion on the sea. 50
 Forcêd from their engines, flameing balls aspire,
 A towêring arch! and vault the Night with fire:
 Then, as swift metêors, shooting down the air,
 Burst near the Earth, and blast the promis'd year;
 The fires, so bent to Earth, on plunder prey,
 And o'er my labours ruinously stray:
 Tyrants! They kill the objects of their fears;
 Then crush * my riseing hopes of future years.

Yet, still a mightier project I intend,
 And in † my ports a treasurêd war defend.
 And now the day appears; when dareing Hope
 Sits, like an eagle on our highest top;

for want of being properly supported by -----; when the Right Honourable JOHN Lord Viscount LIGONIER, at the head of the British Horse, charged at the moment, and overthrew the greatest part of the French Cavalry: In which action he himself was taken prisoner. By this great stroke of political generalship, he saved the retreat of our whole Infantry. See Mr. VOLTAIRE, who writes the actions of Englishmen with an impartiality worthy of so great a judge of them.

† Havre de grace, or the port of grace.

* Their magazines.

† Brest Harbour and Queberon Bay.

---The flattêring Deity, who most deceives,
 And in thê inspired act her Votâry leaves!
 She spreads our fails, our anchors lightly weighs,
 And trusts our whole adventure to the seas.
 Near us, * thê inferiour fleet of BRITAIN lay.
 Them to surprize, and them to snatch away,
 The Gods, propitious, breathe a loud assent,
 And on our prey our swelling top-fails bent : 70
 But warey DUFF, borne on the earlier tides,
 Safe with his charge, beyond our efforts rides.
 † LOCKART alone we seize from the retreat :
 For single combat famêd, he fights a fleet.
 And O! --- the flattêring promise was but wind !
 See, HAWKE and BRITAIN's equal ships, behinde,
 Mount the horizon, like malignant stars,
 Which threaten storms at sea, to Landsmen, wars.
 As, when the bleatings of young lambs excite
 The neighbôuring wolves, the ravagers of Night, 80

* His Majesty's fleet, consisting of about eight sail of the Line, then lay off Queberon Bay, under the command of Commodore ROBERT DUFF.

† JOHN LOCKART, Esq; one of the above Squadron, was engaged against three of the French ships, when Sir EDWARD HAWKE came in view. This Gentleman had before received the thanks of the City of London, &c. on account of the great number of privateers and other prizes, which he singly had taken from the French.

To leave their woods, and the fenced fold assail;
 But 'ere they on its weaker force prevail;
 Morn and the summon'd Villager appears,
 With shouts and horns, and docile hounds, and spears.
 The nightly plunderers flie, devoid of spoil;
 Some make the plain; some run upon the toil.
 The swifter hounds their rapid strength outspeed;
 Now on each side the furious warriors bleed;
 The active Hunters round the battle close;
 Rule the loud war, and aim their deadly blows. 90
 At length the wolves a mangled conquest lie,
 Or wounded gain their woods; there bleed, and die.
 Alike pursu'd, we flee. HAWKE's spreading sails
 More proudly swell'd with more auspicious gales,
 His swifter keels bound o'er the foaming Main,
 And on our flight in ev'ry terror gain.
 To flee is death and shame. Resolv'd we try
 To conquer, or with rescu'd honour die.
 Now from above the Tempest breaks its way;
 As if HEAVEN, gracious, meant to part the fray: 100
 But HAWKE, superiour to thê alarms of Fear,
 Fights in the storm, nor checks the loosen'd war.

With

With firey wings Death on my foremost towêr
 Leaps bold, and robs it of each active powêr.
 Thê affrighted Sea-men doubt which fate to chuse :
 For, evêry way, his cruel rage pursues.
 Vainly, with blazing sails, they make the shore.
 They burst into the skies, and are no more.
 Two other towêrs, of equal strength and pride,
 Sunk by his weight, the waring Deep divide. 110
 The clashing waves close o'er their sinking fame;
 Nor leave they to their Conquerors * their name.
 This HAWKE, that KEPPLE---here again our foe!---
 Sent to their graves, each at one pondêrous blow :
 Yet fiercer still and loud the contests rise ;
 Till the spent Day in labour shuts his eyes.
 So far our friend. When Night in clouds descends,
 And, conscîous of our needs, our flight befriends ;
 But O! no Powêr can rule malignant Fate,
 Or save the Wretch, whom Heavên resolves to hate! 120
 My coward ships, grown bold, thro dangers run
 Of rocks and sands, as great as what they shun,

* Alluding to the custom of preserving, in our fleet, the names of the ships taken from an enemy.

To gain the land. There, in their rivers hide;
Or dash'd on shore, dismember all their pride.

Yet bolder deeds BRITANNIA threatens loud,
Proud of her wealth, her trade, of conquest proud!
Her numêrous fleets now awe the RUSS and SWEDE.
Her armies thick embark to PRUSSIA's aid.
Her vaster preparations turn me pale.
By land, by sea, she moves,---Yet where's thê avail, 130
To sue for peace? Alas! she's wiser grown,
Than to give peace, and give me back my own.

The time now is --- Hark! swelling echoes rise!
The rabble shout, now borne by Credit, flies,
And breaks upon my ear; like music's sound
Wakeing the saden'd heart with life's rebound.
Hark! Fame her trumpet blows. "Quebec's regain'd,
Within her walls the victor BRITON's chain'd.
Again CANADIA owns her former Lords,
And pours her urns of plenty o'er their boards." 140
---Why cease, ye Nymphs, your lutes? Why cease, ye Swains,
Your tabors; that inspirêd your penfive plains?

What

What sadness, or what silence holds the Throng?
 Why droop those Boys? why drops loud Fame her song?
 Ah! who appears? A messenger of woe!
 Truth, modest Truth, in pace and accent slow!
 She tells a different tale. "My Children there,
 Watching the seasons of the certain Year,
 With bold resolve attack their parent town,
 From foreign sons to win her to her own: 150
 Whilst Winter * harden'd the incircling plain,
 And froze afar the assistance of the Main.
 But danger still makes resolute the brave:
 Where Conduct doubts, there Courage best can save.
 Push'd by distress, thus † MURRAY leads his band
 From out their ramparts, and disputes the land;
 Till, press'd by numbers, he again retires,
 And in our weaken'd force new strength acquires.
 See, Summer now assumes her even share
 Of Nature's sway, and climbs her brighter sphere, 160
 Leading the Sun! whose liquifying ray
 Strong on the mountain'd river pours the day;

* The French endeavoured to surprize Quebec, whilst the Winter-season hindered the English from throwing up any new fortifications for its defence.

† The Honourable General JAMES MURRAY.

Like pointed engines, thro the frosted snow,
 They dart, and break its icy beds below :
 The cracking mountains all at once divide,
 Float from their shores, and hurry down the tide ;
 Where, like records of Fame, they waste away :
 Lost in Oblivion's universal sea !
 When † COLVIL, usher'd by the smiling Hours,
 Like Morn, which dissipates the nightly Powers, 170
 Rising to view, we flee : Even ‡ LEVIS led ;
 And, worse than victory lost ! our hopes for ever fled.

Why stays that messenger ? The boding sigh
 Heaves in her breast, and redens in her eye.
 " AMHERST," she cries. --- Ah ! stop the dreaded tale !
 Can he, can Fate o'er such strong power prevail ?
 Can he, more quick than the sagacious hound,
 Such deserts pass, that know no tract or bound ?
 Can he such lakes, that know no shore bestride ?
 Or swim the rapid streams, that mock the tide ? 180
 Can he all Nature's bulwarks overthrow,
 Her rocks, the mountains, and the ambush'd foe ?

† The Right Honourable ALEXANDER Lord COLVIL.

‡ The French commander at their attack against Quebec.

Or say the worse. Say, these before him sink.
 Montreal stands a fortress on the brink
 Of GALLIA's fate: She, she must break his course,
 Turn on himself his waves, and mock their force.
 What sayest thou? Ah! Montreal bloodless won!
 Without one struggle, BRITAIN's empire own!
 EUROPE must next submit, if CANADA be gone.

Another shout! Another flattering Fame,
 Charming the air, of victory gives proclaim.
 "BROGLIO ---the promise of less angry Fate!
 BROGLIO succeeds o'er FERDINAND, tho late.
 A thousand deaths, with blushing woonds, confess
 His skill superiour, tho his victory less.
 The BRITONS, usêd to conquer, own the odds,
 And prove but Mortals; tho they bleed like Gods."
 Swift in revenge, See, BRUNSWIC's active Heir!
 Wakêd by the morn, the hawk so sweeps the air,
 To dart in furer vengeance on her foe,
 Who with her stolen young veers fast below.
 Thê affrighted owl lets fall the callow prey,
 Fluttêring for help, and wings for life its way.

190

200

On

On the whole treachêrous race thê avenger * flies ;
 And the red slaughter showers down the skies.
 Now, eagle like, the peerless GRANBY rides
 The wider field, and on the thunder strides.
 He, BRITAIN'S dread revenge within his grasp,
 Strikes at my breast, and † twice a thousand gasp.
 Like JOVE himself, who on Olympus stands, 210
 Now FERDINAND the scepter'd war commands.
 Vain we by mountain upon mountains rise ;
 Superiour still in Fate, they keep the skies :
 Ambition, flung beneath the load she hurl'd,
 Lies crush'd, and trembling shakes one half the World.

The time now is---O! use the precious hour!---
 To yield to Peace, or ever yield to Powêr,
 To stop the arm, before the shaft be sent ;
 Or feel the shame, not merit to repent.
 Speak GENIUS! speak. If deified you live, 220
 Thy radiance shew, thy law and counsel give.

* Referring to the defeat, which the Hereditary Prince of BRUNSWICK gave part of the French army, near the village of Erxdorff.

† Referring to the defeat, which the Marquis of GRANBY gave the Corps of the French army, commanded by the Chevalier DU MUY.

Speak,

Or do you Deities like Mortals pine?
 Or to some higher Powêr your trusts resign?
 Or Geniùs against Geniùs boldly fight,
 Like Gods of old, with vast celestial might?
 And, as you Deities agree above,
 Your Countries break in war, or join in love?

This said, loud claps of thunder rend the skie.
 The clouds, as with commanded swiftness, flie,
 Opêning the day; and shew an azure plain;
 When lo! a wondêrous, unexpected scene!

230

High on a † milk-white charger, splendid rode
 ENGLAND'S SAINT GEORGE, and on * Dissention trod;
 Which, still alive, appear'd to grasp with pain
 His horse's feet, that beat thê Empyrêan plain.
 Thick, from his spear, the gore to drop was seen,
 As when of old with blood of dragon slain.
 Near him, his ensign-lion waiting stood,
 His eye attentive on the dropping blood.

† Alluding to the Arms of HANOVER joined with those of GREAT BRITAIN.

* Alluding also to the disagreement in politics, in regard to HANOVER.

In leffer sphere, and in a cloud below, 240
 GALLIA's shrunk GENIUS dimly seem'd to glow.
 In adamantine chains his hands were bound ;
 Which trail'd, like strings of light, the darken'd ground.
 Grief on his wearied visage seem'd to dwell ;
 When thus a voice, like falls of water, fell.

GALLIA ! 'tis ENGLAND'S GENIUS hears your prayêr !
 True you have prophesiêd, as true you fear.
 Behold your GENIUS to his prison charm'd ;
 Whom PROVIDENTIAL WILL of will disarm'd.
 Him Envy and Ambition vainly led, 250
 Against his HEAVÊN, to lift rebellious head :
 For HEAVÊN is Peace. Her beautêous works * I mean :
 But 'ere that imitable Heavên we gain ;
 Know, thy yet stubborn GENIUS low must bend,
 And feel my chastisement his GENIAL friend.

* This speech alludes to the plan for a Universal Peace, by a distribution or partition of Trade, throughout the Commercial World, in each Country's exportation of certain commodities and manufactures ; as the most binding ties and reciprocal benefits which can engage Mankind thereto. In which plan the several Arts and Manufactures, proper to be exercised for the commercial advantage of these Kingdoms, are laid down ; which are here pointed at.

In vain BRITANNIA'S empire you assail,
 The giant-strife no longer can prevail :
 For where in strength, you most confide, you fail.
 Soon PROVIDENCE shall strike the destin'd blow,
 And drive Ambition to a state more low ;
 From whence your peace, against your will, shall flow.
 Such good from ill we see in Fate's designs ;
 When on her acts Reflection calmly shines !

260

A Hero, Fate as yet conceals his name,
 Tho long design'd to grace the rolls of Fame,
 Shall soon arise, to form Mankind to laws ;
 Leader of Virtue's universal cause !
 To teach ambitious Kings with sense to sway,
 And Reason, HEAVEN'S great Substitute, obey ;
 To fix the bounds which Justice shall not break,
 For Intêrest's, and for Honour's dearer sake ;
 O'er which Ambition shall decline to roam,
 And a more wise enjoyment finde at home ;
 War, as a law of arms, no more prevail ;
 But Truth shall be with Man the sole appeal ;

270

The Dove her passage thro Time's waste shall wing,
 And with her home at Eve the olive bring ;
 Then Peace shall on her gird the Hero's sword ;
 And Treaty henceforth fear to break her word.
 His two-fold genîus, in the state and field, 280
 As the same tree may fruit and medicine yield,
 By evêry ornament of taste and sense
 Enrich'd, shall all these blessings far dispense.
 He Art's great † Manufactory shall raise ;
 A work of lasting service, as of praise !
 Whose light shall beam with scientific fire,
 To all the World, and all her Sons inspire.
 From whence, as ore in forming channels run,
 Earth's rival to the pallace of the sun

† An Academy for a general instruction of the Arts has been long wished for, to be established in England : But the design of an Academical Manufactory for a general exercise of them, in which the instruction would be equally conveyed, is a plan of the Author's. As a fit work for which, a new pallace is therein proposed to be built, on the plain in Hyde-park at the head of the wall-nut-tree walk. Perhaps the finest situation in the world ! as close to the polite end of the town ; yet commanding, every other way, a great extent of Country ; and as the ground on the same side of the serpentine River may be happily laid out to join the gardens of Kensington lodge : But more particularly, as it is the most healthful spot near town.

" As ore in forming channels run." — Perhaps meaning an art used among the ancients, and now in the possession of — of runing sand into stone.

Shall

Shall on immortal columns richly stand, 290
 At once a town and rural scene command.
 ASTRÆA, here return'd, shall shut her wings,
 And make her feat; the feat of BRITAIN'S Kings.
 Then Peace and Art,---twin-sisters of a birth!
 Shall course, like blessing Powêrs, the subject Earth;
 Peace twine Art's garland round the danceing globe,
 And Art o'er naked regions throw her robe :
 The garland form'd of evêry graceful flowêr,
 Each country waves, with joining knots of powêr !
 Then Man with Man blest in one world shall live; 300
 And his whole Race in works of order strive.
 So when Earth's heated scenes for moisture faint;
 Movêd by the prayêrs of some presideing Saint,
 HEAVÊN speeds the Minister of its command,
 To ope' its waters on the burning land.
 High on a cloud the Angel forward sails,
 Before him flie Airs mild and virgin Gales;
 Then down his genîal influence he sends;
 And all around the grateful rain descends :
 Hill, vale, and plain, herb, corn, plant, feed, and flowêr 310
 Feel the refreshment sweet, and drink the showêr.

All!

All nature gladens with returning life,
And evêry hill bleats in harmonious strife.

Then GALLIA, blest in your peculiar ease
Of taste, with which you by invention please,
Blest with a fruitful earth, an happy clime,
Your Sons shall roll the Children lovêd of Time:
But leave, to BRITAIN's more invigour'd Race,
The works of harder toil, and bolder grace,
To carry commerce round the world to Man: 320
Lords of the sea, obeying Nature's plan!
Mistress of arts herself, BRITANNIA loves
Each foreign skill, and each with sense improves:
The fit directress of the whole to teach
The gênerál good, and give its part to each:
But to employ her common Sons in these,
Whose softer studies teach a lazy ease,
° BRITAIN with juster policy disdains:
Such may you teach, and in your task she gains.
Be her's the works of a more manly toil, 330
To ope' her mines, to cultivate her soil,

Her

To build her fleets, her arms of war to forge,
 And launch her Sons on the furrounding furge,
 Her watery fields, that round her richly flow,
 Yearly to plough, where yearly riches grow,
 To strike the Hero from the expressive mould,
 Or shew him from the marble, natural and bold,
 To tell his actions on the colour'd plain,
 Or give him living in the Muse's scene,
 For truth to search the philosophic maze, 340
 And the grand structure in plain order raise,
 Her native wool thro various looms to ply,
 And tincturize the bright and lasting dye :
 The works which raise not 'feminate the minde !
 Whose ornamental uses serve Mankind.
 To you, in fashions the whole World to please,
 To me, to guard the Universal Peace,
 Kind Nature gives, O ! let us keep the bound.
 And curs'd be they, who shall that Peace confound.

Think not your GENIUS slept, because you fail'd : 350
 A stronger GENIUS o'er his power prevail'd ;

PITT,

PITT, my wife Son! In whom, as in the mine,
 The ore of sense is found, which arts refine.
 By whom, my Statesmen now with skill succeed,
 My schemes take place, nor Soldiers vainly bleed.
 Your Statesmen, us'd in policy to sway,
 Amaz'd behold BRITANNIA wife as they:
 But know, their flatter'd excellence arose,
 As BRITAIN ceas'd such flatt'ry to oppose;
 When Party was with Party so engag'd, 360
 Her thoughts were kept, where nearer wars were wag'd.
 That partial malady, which pain'd the whole,
 Depriv'd her sense, and rob'd her of her soul!
 'Tis not so now: Her Statesman's better heart
 No Party takes, and yet takes ev'ry part.
 'Tis he, whose gen'us conquers; whilst it bends
 To ev'ry care at home, and wide abroad extends.
 Whom HEAVEN itself does with delight behold.
 A mind so pure, without allay of gold!
 His heart's his Country, and its good his aim. 370
 He flights rewards, and nothing gains but fame.
 Above the common means of public sway!
 He hires no vote, he keeps no friends in pay:

His

His trust is merit, truth his surer rule,
 The Age his pupil, taught in * Freedom's school;
 Whose rules, by sense and eloquence reveal'd,
 Prove to their hearts, as practice proves him skill'd,
 " Love of our Country will each minde unite,
 " And Public-virtue the whole World will fight."

BRITAIN, from factions sav'd, shall Ioes sing, 380
 And for her PATRIOT thank her SAGE and KING;
 Whose love to justice, mild paternal sway
 All Parties join to praise, and pleas'd obey:
 Her annal'd glories never shone so bright:
 An age of sunshine from a stormy night!
 For ever shall her days in splendor shine:
 A GEORGE for ever reign of GEORGE's line,
 Nor GALLIA, mourn! Thy troubles soon shall cease;
 A GEORGE shall bless the subject World with peace:
 Wife without pride, without ambition great! 390
 At once the promise and the gift of Fate!

* The House of Commons.

Whose strength at home, extensive power abroad,
 Whose love to Mankind, and whose awe of GOD,
 I give as pledges, 'twixt the World and Me,
 Of golden days on Earth, and HEAVÊN's decree
 Of Universal-Peace. So wait thy Destiny.

The GENII vanish'd ; and the runing cloud
 Here all obscurêd. Night now her mournful shroud
 Of vaporous darkness casts o'er all the scene ;
 The mists low sink the hills, and hide the plain. 400
 GALLIA concern'd, yet somewhat cheer'd with hope,
 Arose ; and letting tears of sorrow drop,
 Which wet like dew the ground, retirêd to rest,
 To sleep away the care, that throb'd her breast ;
 Till Morning, like a Bridegroom, should arise,
 And dry the pearly jewels from her eyes.

END of the SECOND CANTO.